THE PARLIAMENT MENDED, OR ENDED;

OR,

A Philter and halter for the two Houſes.

PRESCRIBED

By their Doctor *Mercurius Elenticus*.

The Doctors Profeſſion.

Here's a Drinke, ſo Soveraigne,
'Twill helpe us to a King againe:
Here's a Cordiall of ſuch force,
It routes the Army, Foot and Horſe.
And here's a Candell, out of pitty
For the fam'd Cuckolds of the City.
Here's a Vomit, I preſerre
To the bloody crew at Weſtminſter:
Take it, ſince I ſo freely give you,
'Twill make you once more fill your Privy:
You are not ſqueamiſh I ſuppoſe
When I remember Atkins noſe:
Bee not angry at my trickj,
You know wee are all Emperickj.

WESTMINSTER,
Printed at the ſigne of the Traytors head, and are to be ſold right over againſt the Houſe of Commons. 1648.

21 ~ 9

THE

PARLIAMENT

MENDED, OR ENDED;

OR,

A Philter and halter for the two Houses.

PRESCRIBED

[illegible] Doctor Mercurius Elenticus.

The Doctors Profession.

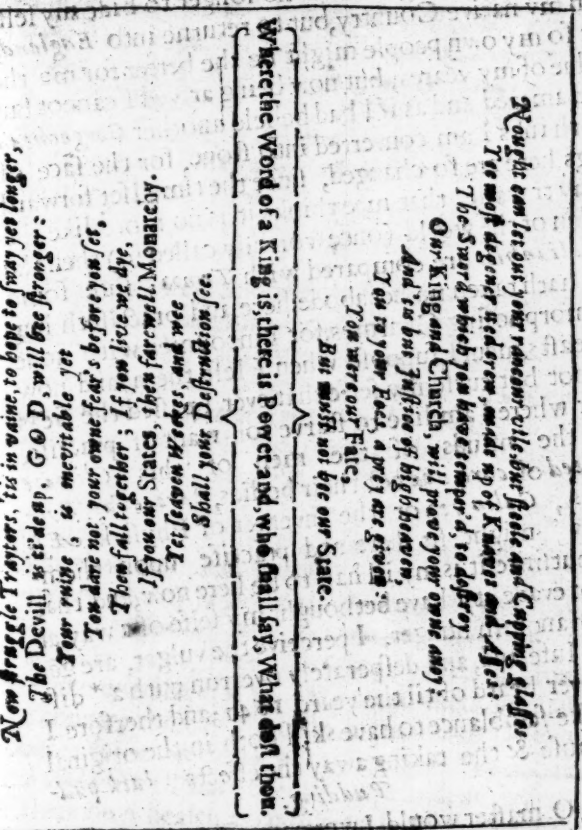
Here's a Deaghe, so Severaigne,
[illegible] in ce a King against:
Here's a Cordiall of such force,
[illegible] the Army, Feet and Horse
[illegible] Cordiall, out of [illegible]
[illegible] Cordiall of [illegible]
[illegible] a Pomit, I prefere
To the bloody arm at Westminster:
Take it, Sure I so freely give yes,
[illegible] more [illegible] Priest:
[illegible] Suppose
[illegible] Aiaine [illegible]
Lee not angry at my tricks,
Tan know may are all Impericks.

WESTMINSTER

Printed at the signe of the Traytors head, and are to be sold right over against the House of Commons. 1648.

21 – c

THE PARLIAMENT MENDED, or Ended, &c.



HAving been a Practitioner in the Art of *Physick* these 30 many yeares in the *Low Countries*, where I have approved my skill, for the curing of *Apoplexies*,

 Feavers,

Feavers, *Aebes*, *Verdigo's*, *Gangrenas*, *Spleenitick* people and Madneſſe, with very good approbation, and fortunate ſucceſſe, I reſolved no longer to hide my ſelfe from my native Country, but to returne into *England*, that ſo my own people might be the better for me the reſidue of my yeares; but now being arived I cannot but ſtand amazed, and as if I had beheld another *Gorgonhead* mee th inks I am converted into ſtone, for the face of things here are ſo changed, ſince the time I ſet forward for my travaile, that mee thinks, it is no more like the Garden of the world (once worthily called ſo) then the *Theſſalian hils* are compared with *Tempe*; ſure ſome *Circe* hath taken up her abode here, and practiſeth her metamorphoſing Charmes, for I incounter with none but beaſts, men (I ſuppoſe when I left them) and now I cannot but curſe my ſelfe that ever I paſſed the Seas hither where I am like to ſtarve for want of practiſe, ſince the minds of the men of this *Climate haze need* of *cure and* not their bodies, *Paracelſus*, *Dioſcorides*, *Galen*, yea or the Inventer of Phyſick *Æſculapius*, might ſit here and practiſe upon themſelves; but ſince it is my ill hap to be here now, and that I cannot evade it, I have bethought my ſelfe of a way, at leaſt to vanquiſh hunger, I perceive the vulgar, are generally Infected, and deſperately overrun with a * diſſeaſe never heard of til the yeare 1641; and therfore I ſhal make ſemblance to have skill both in the original of the cauſe & the taking away the effects, *Iack pudding*.

* Diſeaſe called Parliament,

Pudding.

Here Sr, O maſter would I were amongſt the *butterboxes*, again, the faire haired *Flemings*, here you are like to get nothing by your skill, nor by any tricks.

Dr.

Never feare *Iack* I ſhal get *wealth*, and *fame* to boot

and

and for that purpoſe I will have a ſtage erected by *Charing Croſſe*, on which I wil divulge my skill unto al paſſers by, get thou the copies of theſe bills ſpeedily printed, that performed, clap them up in every corner of the Citie, and in the moſt open places of the ſuburbs, the firſt medecine I undertake to heale with, is called.

A Soveraign drinke, which whoſoever ſhall taſt but ſix ſpoonefuls of it, brings into a Loyall temper, and diſcovers unto him the goodneſſe and excellencies of his King.

The Receit.

Let him take three Spoonefuls of the excellent juice, extracted from the famous hearb, ſo much lauded in ſcripture called *Loyaltie*, with a good quantitie of the root of the hearb Grace, and thereto an handfull of *obedience*, aſmuch *Chriſtian pittie*, and true *Faith*, with a doſe of *humilitie*; mix all theſe together and boile them over the ſoft fire of *Zeale according to Knowledge*, in an equivolent Number of teares taken from the cleare fountaine of a repentant heart, and let all boile till they bee coagulated and then take, and keepe.

A purge peculiarly to be adminiſtred to the members of the Iunto, and preſcribed onely for them and their uſe.

For that the *Junto*, have this ſeaven yeares confined, themſelves to one place, & have not taken their progreſſe into the country thereby to refreſh their ever working and troubled ſpirits, with the odoriferous, & ſweet ſmelling ayre and withall have been ſo unprofident and careleſſe of their own health, as to ſuffer a large and noiſome *Privie* to have it evacuation, nearly under their noſtrills: I have therefore being very Zealous of their preſervation, and how corrupt their bodies are even almoſt as fowle as their *Soules*, have deviſed them this thorow Purgation, which I am certaine if timely taken, will bee for their exceeding profit.

The Receit.

Let them take twelve ounces of *Loyaltie*, a Vegitable to be found in each corner of the pleasant Garden, called the *word of God*, with a good quantity of *Order* and *Discipline*, with as much of *Law* and *Iustice*; a pound of *Penitence*, with *Competency*, of the antient *Religious practises*; mix all these together, with a hand not spotted with *Rebellion*, *murthers*, *oppressions*, *cruelties*, and *Impieties*, and boyle them in a Caldron filled with their own *teares of Contrition*, and then it being gathered to a jelly, box it up, and preserve it for your use; this receipt will without faile, restore you to your first and pristine *Purity*; and you may yet be called a *Parliament*.

Another receit in case the other faile.

Take each of you a good *hempen halter* strongly and surely twisted (and each of you after you haue well dined (*For it is not good to goe to bell with an emptie stomack*) adorn each of your thick necks with the aforesaid Bracelets, that done you that have a mind to step into *Charons boat* unseene, and have studies repleni shed with books onely for fashion sake, enter into them, and there casting up your eyes search out the most conveniently exalted beame, to which by the ayd of a *joint stoole*, fasten your *hempen instrument*, and having performed these necessary ceremonies *without praying to God, who abhorres you, or calling on the Devill, who longs to embrace you*, put your selves to the mercy of the throtle, and without faile it wil prove your perfect cure, *Probatum est*. *Another.*

But if it shall so happen (as in all probabilitie it may) that you shall be out of conceit with such a speedy cure, alledging that because your charitie forbids you, to take the *Executioners* trade from him, who hath these many years so well thriven under you, take another more Gentlemanlike prescription. Take

Take each of you an ounce of *white Mercury*, as much *Aqua fortis*, halfe an ounce of *Stibium*, boile all these together in an *Asses hoofe* (for it is as speedie and dangerous as ever was the *Centaurs blood*, the terror of the great *Alcides*) till it shall be commixt into one jelly, then each of you share as much of it as will cover a sixpence, and mingle it with your usuall beveridge, and take the opinion of the *Horse Doctor* it wil couzen you of your *leaprous soules* & in as smal a time as you may be voting no *further addresses to the King*, that a *Declaration* bee drawne up against him, taxing him for *murthering* his *Father*, or while you may vote a whole Countie out of their *lives* and *Estates*, but if this faile or that you are yet resolved to hold up your house, till your fingers are chopt of, hearken to your *Doome*.

The Doctors Doome, upon the Rebellious Iunto.

Fatall Iuno, is neare unto you
The starres conspire, for to undoe you:
Grim Saturne laughs, the other six
Have set a period to your tricks.
Mercury waiteth with his rod
To waft you to the Stygian God:
Iove whose great Acts, the Poets sing,
Hath past his Vote, to have a King:
Tritonia waites to see you drop
Ere shee ascend to Latines top.
Onely the Cyprian Queene is sad
And is in sable vestments clad,
All sorrowfull, for why by you
Whores thriv'd and Cockoldry was due.
Mars, is Armed cap-a-pe,
For to bringin your destiny,
Appollo gyrt with beames about,
Hath sent the fell Erinnis out.

The IUNTOS, Distraction.

See how their colours come and goe,
Behold their tossing to and fro,
Their smothered sighes, and large complaints,
Their Beastly Rage, and shamelesse vaunts.

How pale they looke, and how forlorn
Their bodies, into shadowes worn;
Their trepidations, and their teares,
To these adde their infernall feares.
Yee Thespian sisters; now rejoyce
And lift up your exalted voice,
Clio, doe thou in Historie
For aye, write downe their infamie.
In such an high and haughty tone
All may abhorre Rebellion.

Thus have I prescribed, two never failing *Purgations*; very meet to bee used by our Honourable *Iunto*, and which I am certaine will undubitably, cure them of their *feares*, and the kingdome of their *Ague fits*, and now becauſe the whole Nation are desperately sick of this cruel killing disease, called *Parliament*, I shall out of meere pittie and compassion to my languishing Countrimen, prescribe them this medicine then which none can afford them speedie and safe-cure.

The Receit.

With speed draw your selves into one body of defence of your *Religion*, your *King*, and your *Lawes*, conjure all your fellow Commoners to rise as one man, which done, and you in warlike equipage, let *Surrey* men be your president, and Declare *that you are loſt, if there be not an* OLD KING *and a* NEW PARLIAMENT; draw up a *Declaration*, which may informe the world how your *King* hath been dethroned and *Impriſoned*, your *Church* Demoliſhed and devaſted, your Parſon *Murthered* and your *Eſtates Sequeſtred*, your *Lawes* perverted, and vacated, by theſe who at the firſt pretended to bee *Reformers*, and *Patriots*, then reinthrone your *King* ſtand by him till he call a *Parliament*, of knowing (but unbiaſſed men) See the Fathers, I meane the *Reverend Biſhops* of the *Church* replaced in their former *Seas* and lay not down your ſwords till this late curſed *Rebellion*, hath been puniſhed, and all things to their firſt puritie reſtored.

This is your cure, and only this,
Can bring you to your former bliſſe:
This if you neglect to doe:
All good for ever bid adue:
Your baſeneſſe, o're the world will Ring;
Without a God, without a King: FINIS.

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